

THE
T R Y A L
OF THE
Lady ALLUREA LUXURY,
BEFORE THE
Lord Chief-Justice UPRIGHT,
ON AN
INFORMATION for a CONSPIRACY.

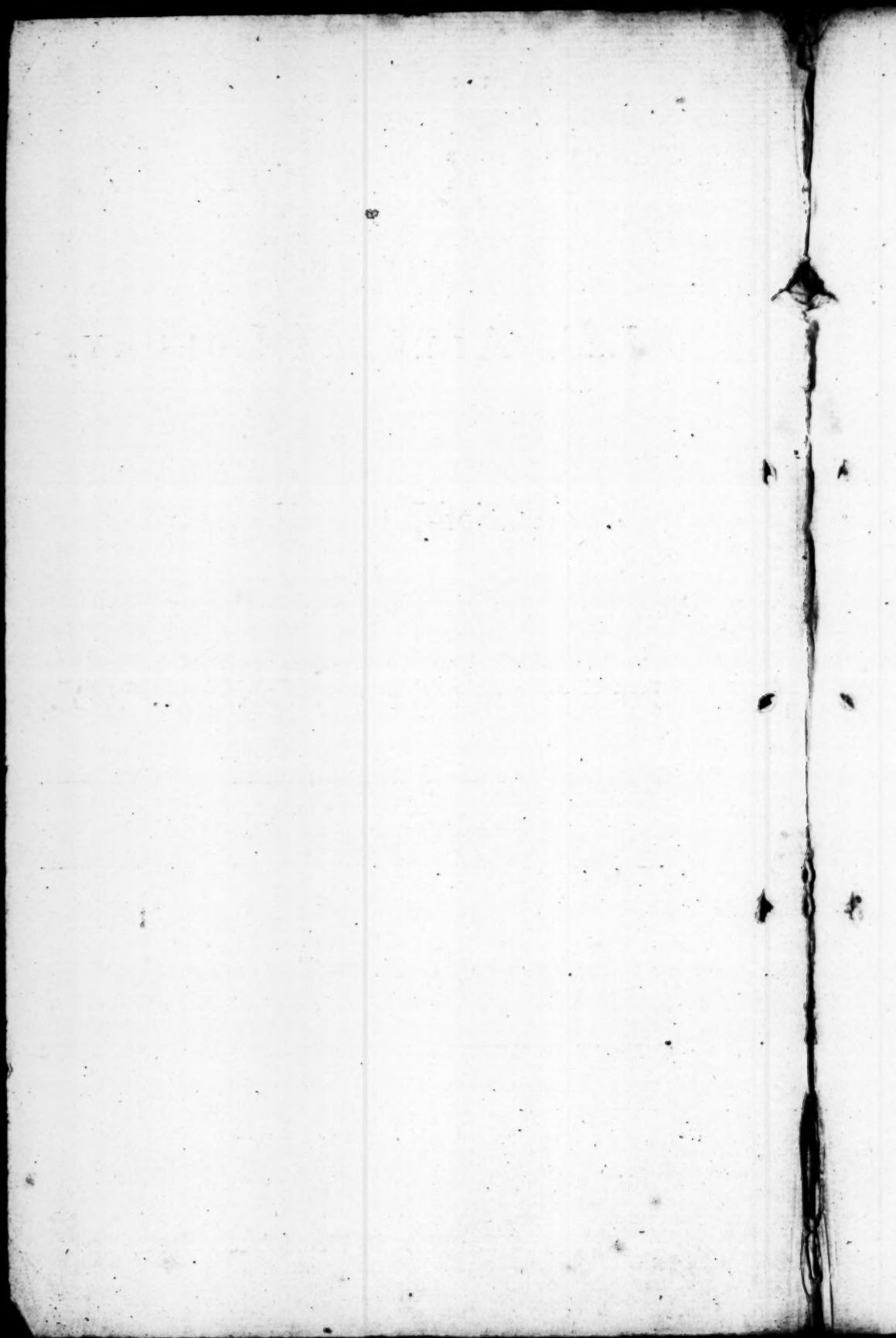
Luxuria incubuit.

JUVENAL.



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M DCC LXIII.



THE
DEDICATION.

TO
HIM, who builds his Popularity on
VIRTUE only.

S I R,

BE you a real Substance, or a Chimera formed in the Brain of some enthusiastic Romance-Writer— Be you an actual Somebody, consisting of Flesh and Blood, and animal Spirits, or a Non-Entity of this World—In short, be you who you will, or wherever thy Residence is placed—I take Leave humbly to inscribe the following Pages to you—For, that such a Person, as you, may exist, I judge not altogether impossible; because such Persons as you, have certainly had an Existence in former Ages—Witness *Pelopidas*, *Epaminondas*, *Scipio*, *Cicero*, and *Walsingham*.—And here I cannot avoid acquainting you (if your natal Hour be yet come, or, if not, when-

DEDICATION.

ever it shall arrive) that I am sensible—that to find out an adequate Remedy for Evil pointed at, requires the maturest Thoughts of the wisest and most enlarged Understanding; and that nothing but the Eloquence of a *Demosthenes*, or, what is more, of a P—r, can do Justice to a Subject (such as this is) of the most delicate Kind—Yet, unequal as I was to so arduous a Task, I am persuaded, that even an Attempt, which may raise up a Spirit of Investigation, in Relation to it, can never be considered as altogether useless and unjustifiable— For which Reason, if you are the Person I take you to be, I am sure you will forgive, though you should not wholly approve of this feeble Essay, of one, who has the highest Honour for your eminent Qualities, and wishes you a long Continuance of Health and Years to promote the Prosperity of the B——b Empire.

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble and

Obedient Servant.

THE
T R Y A L
OF THE
Lady ALLUREA LUXURY.

The Court being opened, the Prisoner was brought to the Bar.

Lord Chief Justice Upright.

IS not the Prisoner a Foreigner?

Prisoner. Yes, my Lord, I am.

Lord Chief Justice. Then you have a Right to be tryed by a Jury of half Foreigners and half *English*. This, Mr. Attorney, was done in the Case of Count *Coningsmark*.

Attorney General. If the Prisoner desires it, she certainly has a Right to have it so.

Prisoner. I am contented to have it as your Lordship pleases: Not but I should be very well satisfied to be tryed by a Jury of all *Englishmen*.

Lord Chief Justice. I dare say your Ladyship might trust yourself with a Jury of all *English*; but, as the Law gives you the Privilege of being tryed by a Jury of half Foreigners, God forbid that we should deprive you of it.

Prisoner. Your Lordship will, I hope, permit some worthy Gentlemen to be my Council.

Lord Chief Justice. Be pleased, Madam, to name any two Gentlemen you approve of.

Prisoner. I beg, my Lord, that Mr. *Burgamot* and Mr. Sergeant *Perfume* may have Liberty to assist me.

Lord

Lord Chief Justice. Be it so. The Jury must be half Foreigners.---Now read the Information.

The Information being accordingly read, and the Prisoner having pleaded Not Guilty, the Jury was called and sworn as follows:

Theodore Newboff.

[to the Boook.

Lord Chief Justice. Are you a Foreigner?

Juror. Yes, my Lord, I am a *Corfican*.

Prisoner. My Lord, I except against him; he is my mortal Enemy. Are not you the King of *Corfica*?

Juror. My Lord, I protest I have no Enmity to the Lady; for I never saw her before in the whole Course of my Life: And as to my being the King of *Corfica*, I assure your Lordship, I am not; though I confess I am his Nephew.

Prisoner. My Lord, he is a *Corfican*, and consequently my Enemy. His whole Nation have a mortal Hatred to me; and therefore I except against him.

Lord Chief Justice. There is no excepting against a whole Nation. Swear him.

[Sworn.

Major Jansenn Soopmegre

[to the Book.

Mr. Burgamot. My Lord, I beg Leave to ask this Gentleman what Religion he is of?

Prisoner. I have no Exception to any Religion.---Ask him rather, What Countryman he is: For, I suspect he is a poor *Hugenot*; and, of course, no Friend of mine.

[Aside to *Burgamot*.

Burgamot. Pray, Sir, are not you a *Frenchman*?

Juror. Yes, yes, I am *Frenchman* born; and I come over here for my Religion.

Perfume. Sir, do you know the Lady at the Bar?

Juror. No; par ma foy, I never see her in all my Life till dis Time.

Perfume. Pray, Major, What had you for Dinner Yesterday?

Major. Par ma foy, dat is droll Question!--Vi, Sir, dere is an excellent Onyon Soop, a Sallad, a Loin of Mutton roti, and Appells and Bread; and very fine small Beer, and good strong Cyder.

Perfume. Truly, a most excellent Dinner, Major. Swear him, Swear him.

[Sworn.

[to the Book.

John Bellingell

Burgamot.

Burgamot. What is your Country, Sir?

Juror. I am a *Swiss* of the Canton of *Bern*, and I have lived in *England* about four Years.

Perfume. Pray, Sir, are you married?

Juror. Yes, Sir, I am married two Years last *Christmas*, to Miss *Louisa Pert*, of the City of *London*.

Perfume. Are you so; then I am sure we wont except against you.---Miss *Pert* is our good Friend.

[Here he whispered to the Prisoner.

Pray, Sir, what Part of the Town do you live in?

Juror. In *St. James's*.---My Wife was very unhealthy while she lived in the City; so we all moved last Winter.

Burgamot. Did you follow Merchandize, Sir, when you lived in the City?

Juror. Yes, Sir, I did; but I quitted it to oblige my Wife.

Perfume. Better and better.

[to the Prisoner.

Swear him.

[Sworn.

Three other Foreigners were afterwards sworn, viz.

Peter Duckinswin, a *Siberian*,

Pedrello Passeran, a Nephew of Count *Passeran*,

Nicholini Pensorato,

Against whom an Exception was made on the Part of the Prisoner, that he was not a Man, but an Eunuch, and therefore not fit to be a Juror; but the Court over-ruled the Exception.

The other Jurors were:

Sir Oliver Roastbeef, Bart.

Harry Sparkle, Esq;

Abraham Buff, Esq;

William Strongbeer, Esq;

John Spindle, Esq;

Thomas Punyface, Gentleman.

The Information was then opened, as follows, by *Arthur Manly*, Esq; one of his Majesty's Learned Council in the Law.

[*Mr. Manly* opens the Information.

Mr. Manly. May it please your Lordship, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury:

This is an Information brought against the Prisoner at the Bar, the Lady ALLUREA LUXURY, for a Conspiracy against the

the Lives, the Liberties, the Properties, the Virtue, Honour, Peace, and Security of all his M-----y's Subjects; and for that Purpose, it sets forth, and expressly charges, that the Prisoner, for near a Century past, hath most wickedly and maliciously plotted and conspired the Destruction of this Land, by corrupting the Morals of our People, and endeavouring, to the utmost of her Power, to craze out of their Hearts every Sentiment of Humanity and Religion. That she hath promoted every Folly, every Impertinence, and every Vice, that could debase human Nature; and for that Purpose, hath made use of the most diabolical Arts to bewitch the People to their Ruin---to make them in love with Sloth and Idleness---to be base, venal, indolent, and cowardly---to give themselves up entirely to empty Amusements---false Pleasures, and the lowest and most unworthy Sensualities. That she hath endeavoured, by all Manner of subtle Means, to overturn the most sacred Ties---the closest Cements of Society; and that she hath in a manner perverted the whole Order of Nature. That so great hath her Malice been, that she hath persuaded the Bulk of the People---That the Gratification of their Appetites, without the least Reserve, is the Duty---the only indispensable Duty required from rational Creatures. That Friendship, Generosity, public Spirit, Honour, Truth, and Justice, are Terms invented by artful Sophisters to impose upon the ignorant and weak Minds of Mortals. That the Care of our Families--the Reverence of the Deity---the Love of Mankind, and all the Satisfaction arising from an upright Heart, and an innocent Deportment, are but so many Ignis Fatuus's held out to betray us from the right Road to Happiness. That Modesty is a Joke, and Virtue a Phantom. That a short Life is the most eligible, and Self-Murder the best Privilege of a great Soul; and that Gaming, fine Cloaths, Equipage, high and poignant Sauces, Infidelity, soft Beds, Dalliance, midnight Debaucheries, and the letting loose of all our Passions, are the true Springs from whence we are to draw every earthly Felicity.

These, Gentlemen, are the Crimes in general that are mentioned in the Information. We shall now call our Witnesses; and, when you hear the Evidence we have to produce in support of the Information, I doubt not but you will find a Verdict strictly agreeable to Justice.

Attorney General. My Lord, we shall open our Evidence with shewing when this Lady came first into *England*.

Call *Henry True-Briton*, Esq; Swear him. [Sworn.
Pray,

Pray, Sir, look at the Prisoner at the Bar, and recollect whether you have ever seen her before?

Witness. I have seen her before; her Name is Lady ALLUREA LUXURY---the very same Face that she had ninety odd Years ago!---not the least Alteration, I protest; as bewitching as ever!

Attorney General. When did you first see her?

Witness. The first Time I saw her, was a few Weeks before the Restoration of King Charles II. I was then a Boy, and one of that Monarch's Pages. The Lady at the Bar came over in the Ship with the King. His Majesty was very fond of her: She lay in the same Cabin, and I attended them both during the Voyage.

Attorney General. You seem to have a thorough Recollection of her.

Witness. Yes: I remember her perfectly well; though I have not seen her since the Day after her Landing in England.

Attorney General. Pray, Sir, where have you lived, that you have not seen her since?

Witness. I have lived in the Island of Anglesea: For my Father (who was a wise Man) coming up to London to congratulate his Majesty on his Restoration, immediately carried me home with him, and charged me on his Death-bed, never to go into any Place where she was, for that she was a Witch; and if I had any thing to do with her, I should be a Beggar, and a short-lived miserable Wretch. So I followed his Advice, and have never been in London since that Time, till now; nor, indeed, in any other Place, where I thought she might be met with.

Attorney General. You seem, Sir, to carry your Age extremely well.

Witness. Yes, I thank God, I have neither Gout, nor Stone, nor Rheumatism, nor any other bodily Infirmary, save my Years. I rise with the Cock, and go to Bed with the Sun. I walk five or six Miles every Day. My chief Meal I make on good Beef or Mutton. I drink no Tea, no Drums, and but little Wine. Good home-brewed, not too strong, and well hopped, is my favourite Potation. I am a true Englishman born. I love my King and my Country; and I defy the Devil, the Pope, the King of F---e, and all their Works. And so, Sir, here I am, such as you see me.

Attorney General. Would to Heaven your Spirit was

transfused into every Subject his M---y has. Sir, I wish you safe home, I will ask you no more Questions.

[Here the Prisoner arose from her Seat, smiled gently on the Witness, and offered him a Pinch of Snuff.]

Witness. I'll have none of your Love-Powder.

Prisoner. My Lord, what the old Gentleman's Father was pleased to say of me, I hope is no Evidence. I own I came over with the great and good Monarch he mentions: But I solemnly declare I have not been, for forty Years past, within the Doors of any Royal House in this Kingdom; except that, now and then, I went to pay private Visits to some of the Maids of Honour, and Ladies in waiting.

Attorney General. I believe for once she speaks Truth; but her not being there was owing to her being forbid the Court: And I hope the Gentlemen of the Jury will now rid the whole Kingdom of her.

Sergeant Perfume. Mr. Attorney, you should not prejudice the Jury. My Lord, it is not right. Let us have a fair Tryal in God's Name.

Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Attorney General, I am sure, means nothing else.

Mr. Manly. My Lord, we will now call various Witnesses, of undoubted Credit, to prove that the Prisoner at the Bar is perpetually scheming to insinuate her self into every Family in the Kingdom, from the highest to the lowest; and that she scarce ever got acquainted with any Family, that she did not seduce, betray, and, in the End, absolutely ruin.

Swear my Lord *Good-Mind*.

[Sworn.

Mr. Manly. Pray, my Lord, look on the Prisoner at the Bar, and inform the Court and Jury, what you know of her.

Lord Good-Mind. My Lord, I have known the Prisoner about ten Years; and, would to God, I had never known her---then had I been happy indeed.

[Here my Lord was observed to drop a Tear.] Pardon, my Lord, my Infirmary. I am now but in the 37th Year of my Age: My good Father died when I was but just one and twenty. He had educated me like a true *Englishman*, to be hospitable, humane, and to love Truth. I resolved to make the venerable Hall of my Ancestors the chief Place of my Residence; for I thought it a Piece of Justice to those who paid me a large Income, that a considerable Part of it should
flow

flow back again to them. Soon after I happened to meet at a Neighbour's House a young Lady, of great Beauty and Innocence; she was then in her 18th Year, and had been bred from her Infancy, under the Eye of a most virtuous, prudent Mother. I made a Proposal of Marriage, which was accepted: She became Mistress of my Family; and I thought myself the happiest Man in the World; and so indeed I was, till the Prisoner at the Bar interrupted all my Joys.

Prisoner. Heavens! what a Persecution is this!

Lord Good-Mind. A Lady of Quality, who had been educated in London, and was married to a young Gentleman of great Estate in my Neighbourhood, came down to spend a few Weeks at her Husband's Country Seat, and brought the Prisoner at the Bar along with her. An Acquaintance, or rather Intimacy, was soon struck up between these Ladies and my unhappy Wife; insomuch that, from that Time, I may date the Overthrow of my whole domestic Satisfaction.

Attorney General. Be so good, my Lord, to explain yourself.

Lord Good-Mind. In a few Days, my Lord, my old *English* hospitable Table was covered with nothing but Frenchified disguised Dishes. My Tenants and Country Neighbours were affronted, or rather forbid entering my Doors, for a Parcel of rude, unpolished Barbarians. My Chairs were all converted into Couches; my strong Beer and roast Beef were sent to the Dog-Boy. My Wife grew tired of the Prattle of her Children, and ordered them into the Nursery; for she could not bear their shocking Noise! She lolled on a Couch most of the Time that she was not in Bed, at Cards, or at her Toilet. Every Thing in the Country was nauseous to her: My House, my Gardens, my Park, that she formerly had so high a Relish for, were become odious. All my old faithful Servants discharged, to make Room for *French* Cooks, Madamoselles, and powdered Pickpockets. Burgundy and Champaign the only Liquors fit to be seen at a Lord's Table; and nothing produced in our own Climate bearable. My Chaplain sent to read Prayers to my Grooms and Horses, as the only fit Audience for such horrid Stuff. In short, my Lord, this sudden Alteration in my domestic Affairs, had very near made me mad. I expostulated, I begged, and implored; but all my Endeavours produced no other Effects, than Hysterics, Hartshorn Drops, and Lavender Water. Then I went to the Prisoner at the Bar, and

the other Lady, and used the strongest Instances to get them of my Party: But Lady ALLUREA, that beautiful Inchantress there! endeavoured to captivate my Soul too, with the most tender Blandishments. She talked largely to me of the Pleasures of the World. She promised to procure me the most enraptured Scenes of Bliss, if I would but follow her Advice. Try it, try it, my Lord, cries she, and I will engage you will soon quit this horrid Scene of Rusticity. In short, my Lord,—I did follow her Advice—and I am ruined!—for ever ruined!—My Fortune gone—my Health destroyed—my Family dishonoured—my Issue doubtful—my Wife a W---, and I a Beggar.

[Here his Lordship could not refrain from Tears.]

[And the Judge and Jury, and most who were present, caught the Infection, and put their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes.]

Lord Chief Justice. Madam, Madam, this comes home.

Attorney General. My Lord *Good-Mind*, I am sorry we have been under the Necessity of desiring you to repeat what has given you so much Pain. But my Lord, I shall not trouble your Lordship with any more Questions.

Sergeant Perfume. But I will—

My Lord, you seem to impute all your Misfortunes to the Persuasions of the amiable Lady at the Bar.

Lord Good-Mind. I do.

Sergeant Perfume. Methinks 'tis strange, my Lord, that you, who are a Man of Sense and Education, should not have Strength of Mind sufficient to withstand the Importunities of a single Woman. Truly, my Lord, your own natural Inclinations must greatly have concurred with the Advice which, you say, was given you.

Lord Good-Mind. Not in the least, Mr. Sergeant; but I am too late convinced, whoever would preserve their Virtue, must avoid Temptation: For her smooth beguiling Tongue would soften and bend the most rugged Virtue to her Designs. Therefore she must be avoided.

Sergeant Perfume. Suppose the Lady mistaken in her Judgment, that will never prove a Conspiracy.

Three hundred C——s of great Rank, and fifty-six
——s next appeared as Witnesses against the Prisoner, and deposed to the following Effect:

That, by the Wiles, Tricks, and Machinations of the Prisoner, they, their Wives, Children, and Servants, were deluded

deluded into the most scandalous Vices and Follies, to which they impute their absolute Ruin—being now Bankrupts, as well in Fortune, as in Reputation and Honour.

The Lord-Mayor, and the whole Court of Aldermen, next deposed to the following Effect :

That the Prisoner at the Bar had by her Arts insinuated herself, and gained Access into most of the trading Families in the great Cities of *London* and *Westminster* ; and, as they were informed and verily believed, in all the Cities of the Kingdom.

Burgamot. My Lord, my Lord, Hearsay and Belief are no Evidence--- It should not be offered.

Lord Chief Justice. The Gentlemen of the Jury will take Notice that it is no legal Evidence.

Sergeant Perfume. It is intended to captivate and prejudice the Jury--- Mr. Attorney, this is not fair.

Attorney General. Pray, Mr, Sergeant, keep your Temper--- You may as well sit down.

The same Witnesses then went on, and deposed-----

That the Citizens neglected their several Occupations--- were grown indolent and careless in their respective Callings, and minded Stockjobbing and Sharping more than Trade, in order to support their Pleasures and idle Expences. That they have often met with the Prisoner, in many rich as well as poor Families, haranguing in Favour of all Manner of Folly and Debauchery. That she has been often seen even in the Kitchen with the meanest Servants and Apprentices, advising them to lie in Bed long in the Morning, and to drink Tea for their Breakfasts, though they were obliged to rob or steal to procure it.

And, my Lord-Mayor swore, that he himself knew a Cocker, who, from a very industrious Fellow, had been prevailed upon by the Prisoner to turn off his Wife and five Children, and to keep a Mistress and drink Wine ; which at length brought him *most deservedly to the Gallows*.

And many of the Aldermen deposed---

That they often met the Prisoner, even at *Wapping*, persuading the Sailors to stay at Home, and live at their Ease, and not lie in hard Hammocks, or eat salt Provisions : And that they had the greatest Reason to believe, that, if it had not been for her wicked Devices, there never would be any Difficulty in getting Hands for manning either the R---l N---y, or the trading Vessels of G---t B-----n.

Cross-Examination.

Sergeant Perfume. My Lord-Mayor, I desire to know if you have not often seen the Prisoner at your City-Feasts?

Lord-Mayor. Very often, I confess, to the Shame of the City!

Sergeant Perfume. My Lord, I am informed she is so great a Favourite amongst the Aldermen, that, upon all Festival-Days, Application is made to her Ladyship to settle the Bill of Fare.

Lord-Mayor. She has, I believe, of late Years, been called upon too often; the Consequence of which has been that we have had nothing to eat, fit for an *Englishman* to put in his Stomach. High-seasoned Ragouts and masqueraded Poisons have been substituted in the place of honest roast Beef and Plumb-Pudding, and the noble Bacon Chine and Turkey. But the City of *London* is determined, for the Time to come, to assert the Dignity of their Ancestors Food; and to let the World see, they will be no more Slaves to a *French* Cook, than to a *French* Tyrant.

[Here many from the Gallery cried out aloud, *Amen*]

Sergeant Perfume. My Lord, this is the most insolent Affront to a Court of Justice that ever was offered.

Lord Chief Justice. Command Silence there. Go on, Mr. Sergeant, with your Examination.

Sergeant Perfume. Pray, my Lord-Mayor, have any Instances been made to you, and by whom, to prevail on your Lordship to appear here as a Witness against the Prisoner at the Bar?

Lord-Mayor. I confess I was moved to it by Sir F---B-----, the worthy Father of the C--y, who made it clear to the whole Board, that not only the City of L-----n, but the whole Kingdom must be ruined, if the Prisoner was not speedily brought to condign Punishment.

Sergeant Perfume. The Gentlemen of the Jury will be pleased, I hope, to observe that Piece of Evidence, which clearly shews what Kind of a Prosecution this is.

Attorney General. Your Reflection, Mr. Sergeant, is unbecoming.

Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Sergeant *Perfume*, you ought to know, Sir, that such Kind of Reflections should not be thrown out.

Above

Above two hundred Gentlemen, Members of the most considerable Cities and Corporate Towns in G----- B-----, were next examined; and they all agreed in the following Testimony :

That the Prisoner at the Bar had corrupted their -----s, and made them from honest C-----y G-----n the ---s of ----l I----y. And they all declared it to be their Opinion, that the L---s of the Subject can never be secure so long as she is suffered to remain in the Kingdom.

Burgamot. Surely, my Lord, the private Opinion of these Witnesses is not Evidence fit to go to a Jury.

Lord Chief Justice. However respectable the Opinions of these Gentlemen may be on other Occasions; in a Court of Justice they are not to be offered as Evidence, of which the Jury will take Notice.

Attorney General. My Lord, I am sure I shall not contend that they are proper Evidence.

Sergeant Perfume. Mr. Attorney, I hope we shall have no further Cause of Complaint.

Attorney General. Pray, Mr. Sergeant, don't be so choleric.

My Lord, we will now enter into Proof, to shew that the Prisoner at the Bar hath used every Stratagem to corrupt, and render effeminate and cowardly, the B-----b Soldiery.

Swear General Fusileer.

[Sworn.

Attorney General. Pray, General, how long have you been in the Army?

General. About seventy Years--- I served in all the Duke of Marl-----'s Campaigns.

Attorney General. Do you know the Prisoner at the Bar?

General. I have seen her before this Time.

Attorney General. Did you ever see her in any of the Campaigns you have served in?

General. I never met with her in any Campaigns under the Duke of Marl-----, but she was very busy amongst us under Marechal W---; insomuch that she met with great Marks of Esteem from almost all the young Officers in the Army.

Attorney General. How did she make herself so agreeable to the Gentlemen of your Cloth?

General. When we were in Camp, I frequently visited and took my Rounds to see that due Discipline was observed; and I generally found the young Officers employed in

in drinking Tea, playing at Cards or Dice, or lolling on a downy Bed or a soft Couch : And when I upbraided them for their Slothfulness, their Answer was, That Lady ALLUREA, the Prisoner at the Bar, had sent these Things to them ; and that surely they could not reject them without being ill-bred. I afterwards had an Opportunity of talking very roundly to her, in the Tent of a General Officer, and assured her, I would give in a Memorial against her—But she laughed in my Face, and said, She did not despair of making me her Friend.—Thus she continued to go on, and had indeed made so great a Progress in debauching the B—— Soldier, that if our hardy, young, and Royal G——I had not in our last Campaigns interposed, and ordered her to be drummed out of every Corps, instead of an Army of Soldiers, we should soon have been reduced to an Hospital of Invalids.

Attorney General. My Lord, we have done with this Witness.

Lord Chief Justice. Has your Ladyship any Questions to propose to the General ?

Prisoner. No, my Lord.

Attorney General. Swear Captain Hardy.

[Sworn.

Attorney General. My Lord, this Gentleman has long served in his M——'s Navy.—His Loyalty, Bravery, and Honour are well known to the whole Nation.

Lord Chief Justice. They are so— but for what Purpose do you call the Captain as a Witness ?

Attorney General. To prove, my Lord, the Attempts made by the Prisoner to debauch our Sea Commanders, and, of Course, to render our F——s of no Service to the Kingdom. Be so good, Captain Hardy, to stand in that Place, that the Court and Jury may both see and hear you —

[to the Captain.

And now, Sir, I ask you, if you know the Prisoner at the Bar, the Lady ALLUREA LUXURY ?

Captain. Yes, yes—I know her well enough—She is the Devil in the Form of an Angel !

Burgamot. I hope, my Lord, this will not be permitted.

Lord Chief Justice. You must not, Captain, talk in this Manner— You are only to answer such Questions as shall be asked of you, without making any Reflections of your own !

Captain. Then, my Lord, I must hold my Tongue ; for if I speak of her, I will speak the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, as I am sworn to do.

Mr.

Mr. Manly. Go on, Captain, and tell us what you know of the Prisoner.

Captain. I had often heard of her Tricks and the wicked Things she did amongst Landmen—How she made D—s and L—s, and great Commoners, game and riot, and spend their Estates in all Sorts of Debauchery—and ruin their Health, and run in Debt, and sell their Country, and a thousand other wicked Vagaries she was daily committing in the World—but I never thought she would have the Presumption to come aboard his M——’s Fleet—However, come aboard she certainly did, and that in a fine Pinnace, with Purple and Gold Sails, forsooth!—and into the A——’s Ship she first went, where, I am sorry to say it, she was entertained much better than she ought to have been—and afterwards she went round all the rest of the Ships, and met with like Civilities from the young Lords, and Lords Sons, that commanded—and so—the last of all, she thought fit to come aboard my Ship—I was then in my Cabbin, settling my Books for the Voyage. So I ordered her in to know her Business—and in she comes accordingly; and looked so sweet, and so innocent, and talked so gently—And so, says I to her—Pray, Madam, who are you, and what is your Business?—I am the Lady ALLUREA LUXURY, replies she—and am come to pay you my Compliments, and to wish you a good Voyage, as I have done to the A——l, and the rest of the worthy Commanders—Then she orders a Basket to be brought in—and first she takes out a downy Pillow of Sloth, to help forward my Repose—next an Umbrella, embroidered with Gold, to screen me from the Sun in a hot Day—next a curious Cabinet, filled with Cards and Dice, and several Essence Bottles. Then a Gardevin of Cordials, which would throw me (as she said) into the sweetest of Dreams, and lull my Imagination with the most enchanting Ideas—These were her Words! I shall never forget them as long as I live. Next she lays down three Dozen of the finest Cambrick Shirts—and, last of all, she presented me with a small ennamell’d Picture of herself, set with Rubies and bleeding Hearts, which, she hoped, I would wear about my Neck for her Sake. I immediately called for the Boat-swain and two Sailors, and made them tie her Neck and Heels, with all her cursed Gear, and over with her.—I imagined she had gone to the Bottom—but the Devil-a-bit!—The first Time I went aboard the A——l, there she

was.—So I resolved to go no more to Sea, till she was laid hold on, and burnt alive for a Witch as she is.

Burgamot. My Lord, I hope your Lordship will not permit this Gentleman to go on after this Manner.

Lord Chief Justice. You must not, Sir, talk in this Manner.

Witness. Why, my Lord, to think to make a Captain of a Man of War play at Cards and Dice, and lie on Down, and preserve his Complexion with Umbrellas—I should fight for my King and Country bravely at this Rate—No, no—Burn her, I say, or the wooden Walls of *England* don't signify a Rush.

Lord Chief Justice. Captain *Hardy*, I believe you are a very brave honest Gentleman—but you are not to direct the Court.

Witness. My Lord, I have only told you my Opinion of the Matter—That is all.

Lord Chief Justice. You, Gentlemen, who are of Council for the Prisoner, have you any Questions to ask this Witness?

Burgamot. No, my Lord—we shall get no Good of this rough Tar by a Cross-Examination.

[Speaks aside to the Prisoner.]

Attorney General. Call *John Type*, Printer and Bookfeller.

[Appears, and is sworn.]

Do you know the Prisoner at the Bar?

Witness. Extremely well—She is the Author of all the Books that have been published these last fifty Years in Favour of Self-Murder, Gaming, Atheism, and every Kind of Vice, public as well as private—She wrote the Fable of the Bees, and published it under the Name of *Mandeville*—She likewise wrote the Book on Self-Murder, which goes under Count *Passeran's* Name—All the Books under the Names of *Toland* and *Tindal*, were likewise wrote by her.—Nay, I am morally certain that *Meursius* was one of her Productions—Not to mention the Nun in her Smock—the new *Atalantis*, and the Poems said to be wrote by Lord *Rochester*—I have heard her harangue for Hours together, to prove that every Man has a Right to put an End to his own Life, whenever he thinks proper—That Reason dictated the indulging of our Passions; and that Life was not worth keeping upon any other Terms—Nay, I have Cause to think, that all those curious Treatises that go under Mr. *Hoyle's* Name, were wrote by her—for I know her Hand-writing

writing perfectly well—And those Treatises were all brought to me by the Prisoner at the Bar, long before they were published, to know if I would purchase them; and I can, and do swear positively, that they were all in her proper Hand-writing.

Sergeant Perfume. Do you so, Mr. *Type*!—My Lord, I hope that Piece of Evidence will be particularly taken down.

Attorney General. Mr. Sergeant is very obliging, my Lord, to remind your Lordship of what ought to be done.

Lord Chief Justice. I thank the Sergeant for his great Goodness—Mr. Attorney, has this Witness any thing more to say?

Attorney General. No, my Lord.

Call *William Solitaire.* Swear him.

[Sworn.

Manly. What is your Calling?

Witness. I am a Jeweller, Sir.

Manly. How long have you followed that Business?

Witness. Somewhat better than thirty Years.

Manly. Mr. *Solitaire*, I ask you, according to the best of your Belief, how much your Dealings in the Jewelling Way, for twenty Years past, may have amounted unto?

Witness. I verily believe my Dealings in that Way, for the Time you mention, could not otie Year with another, have amounted to less than one hundred thousand Pounds.

Manly. Do you mean, Sir, one hundred thousand Pounds in every Year, during that Time?

Witness. I do—Why, Sir, in the very last Year, I received ten thousand Pounds in the single Article of new-setting Ladies Diamonds—and from one Lady of Quality, who had her Jewels set three several Times, I received no less than fourteen hundred Pounds.

Manly. Now, Sir, I ask you, what all the Jewels at present in the Hands of our Nobility, Gentry, and Tradespeople, may, according to your Belief, have originally cost?

Witness. That is a Question which it is impossible for me to answer with any Preciseness.

Manly. Sir, I do not expect a precise Answer from you.

Witness. Why really, Sir—I should think—(for believe I cannot) that they could not have cost less than three Millions.

Burgamot. Surely! my Lord—such Evidence was never offered in a Court of Justice before!—He should think—but believe he cannot.—Surely! my Lord—there never

was—I never heard, nor no Man, I believe, the oldest that ever attended a Court of Justice, such monstrous palpable Prevarication. 'Tis amazing, stupendous, and beyond Example.

Lord Chief Justice. The Distinction between Belief and Thinking, is, I own, a nice one. However, Mr. *Burgamot*, I apprehend it may very well be admitted of—When a Man says, I should think such a Thing is so and so, the Degree of Certainty is not so great as when a Man says, I believe it to be so and so—and of this the Jury will take Notice, and give the Evidence the Weight it deserves.

Manly. Mr. *Solitaire*, do you know the Prisoner?

Witness. Yes, Sir—She is the best Friend I have in the World—and has recommended Abundance of Customers to me.—'Tis to her ingenious Fancy that we are indebted for the daily Alterations that are made in the setting of Jewels.

Sergeant Perfume. A Man, ungrateful to his Benefactress and best Friend, surely cannot deserve the least Credit.

Attorney General. I have done, my Lord, with this Witness—Mr. Sergeant, you may now examine him, if you think proper.

Sergeant Perfume. You may go about your Business, Sir—I have no Questions to ask you; for I do not think, or believe, but am certain, that your Testimony is nothing to the Purpose.

Manly. Swear Mr. *Sterling*.

[Sworn.

You are a Silversmith.

Witness. Yes, Sir.

Manly. Upon your Oath, Sir, how much Money do you believe all the Plate in *Great Britain* may originally have cost?

Witness. Upon my Oath, I don't know.

Manly. Do you believe it cost a Million of Money?

Witness. Ay, that I do—and two Millions upon the Back of it.—

Why, Sir, within these last twenty Years, I am certain the new-fashioned chased Plate could not have cost less than two Millions—I have myself, through the Means and Friendship of the Prisoner, sold to the Value of two hundred thousand Pounds.

Manly. Sir, I will give you no further Trouble.

Burgamot. Hark-ye-me, Mr. *Sterling*—don't you call Gold, and Silver-Money, Plate?

Witness.

Witness. Not I indeed, Sir—by Plate, I mean nothing more than Gold and Silver, useful and useless Utensils, commonly bought by the Nobility and Gentry for their Houses.

Burgamot. Ha! ha! ha! a very pleasant Sort of a Witness! You may go about your Business, Sir.

Attorney General. The Gentlemen of the Jury will observe, that there are no less than six Millions in the two Articles of Plate and Jewels now lying dead in the Nation—If these were employed in Commerce, the Return in twenty Years Time must be immense.

Burgamot. Now, my Lord, we will for the present rest our Evidence here.

Lord Chief Justice. Your Ladyship may now proceed in your Defence. Have you any Witnesses to examine?

Prisoner. A great many, my Lord.

The Prisoner's Defence.

Burgamot. My Lord, the first Piece of Evidence we shall lay before your Lordship and the Jury, is with Regard to the Morals and unspotted Character which the Prisoner bears amongst the most religious and most virtuous Persons in the Nation—

Swear my Lord B——p of ——

[Sworn.

My Lord, be pleased to inform the Court, how long you have known the Prisoner at the Bar?

B——p. Let me see—I have been a B——p about seven Years—and, about three Years before, I became intimately acquainted with her in the Nobleman's House where I was then Chaplain.

Burgamot. Be pleased, my good Lord, to inform the Court, what you think of the Lady's Morals and Behaviour in general.

B——p. She is one of the best of Women—her whole Life seems to be devoted to the Welfare, the Ease, and the Happiness of Mankind—In short, till this Nation felt the Effects of her Benevolence, we were but so many *Hottentots*.—She has refined our Taste, enlarged our Commerce, and perfected our Politics and Religion—No one has studied her, or knows her better than I do—When I first was called to the Station in the C——h I now bear, she, from her wonted Humanity and Goodness, took the Pains of coming a long Journey, to pay me a Visit—She bespoke all my Fur-
ture

ture—She shewed my Wife the true Elegance of Living, which has done Honour to my Table as a B——p ever since, and in so doing afforded much Edification to the C——h in general—Besides her Piety, Gentleness, and sweet complacent Deportment, are never to be sufficiently commended.

Two other R—— R——d P——s gave pretty much the same Accounts of her.

Cross-Examination.

Manly. Does your L——p keep a *French* Cook?

B—p. I do.

Manly. You say, my L—d, that the Prisoner is a very religious Woman. Did you ever see her at Church?

B—p. No, Sir—She is of a delicate puny Frame, which obliged her all the Time she was with me, to have Service performed by my Chaplain in her Chamber.

Manly. Pray, my Lord, is your Chaplain a young or an old Man?

B—p. A young one, about six and twenty Years of Age.

Manly. How many Curates may your Lordship have in your Diocese?

B—p. About forty-six.

Manly. Are there any of them old?

B—p. About a Score of them very old.

Manly. Have they been long in your Lordship's Diocese?

B—p. Some twenty—some thirty— and some forty Years.

Manly. They are looked upon, I think, as Men of Learning and exemplary Morals.

B—p. I verily believe they may deserve the Character.

Manly. Some of them, I have heard say, have large Families.

B—p. I believe they may.

Manly. Pray, my Lord, is not Mr. *Adams* a Curate in your Diocese?

B—p. He was, poor ridiculous Creature! for many Years— but he has now got a Living, as I have heard say, by an odd Accident which is mentioned, as it is said, in a Book, called, *The Life of one Mr. Joseph Andrews.*

Manly. Do the Vicars and Rectors in your Lordship's Diocese reside a good deal on their Cures?

Sergeant.

Sergeant *Perfume*. My Lord, do not answer that Question—it is an entrapping one.

Manly. Entrapping! Mr. Sergeant—take Care what you say, Sir.

Lord Chief Justice. My Lord, the Question is a fair one, and must receive an Answer.

B—p. Indeed, my Lord, then—the Vicars and Rectors of my Diocese act pretty much the same with regard to Residence, that they do in most of the other Dioceses of the Kingdom.

Manly. How is that, my Lord?

B—p. Why, those whose Incomes are but small, and don't hold Pluralities, reside pretty much on their Cures—and those, whose Incomes are large, are indulged with Leave of Absence, except at Visitations.—For Bishops ought to remember, that we were once Inferiors ourselves—and our Rule is, To do as we would be done by, which is the surest Principle of all sound Morality.

Manly. I have now done with the Right R——d Witnesses, Mr. Sergeant—You may call some other.

Sergeant *Perfume*. I am heartily glad of it—for I never heard such a Parcel of idle Questions before.

Burgamot. We will now, my Lord, produce Evidence to prove that the Prisoner at the Bar is the great Patroness of all the noble Arts—and that we had neither Trade or Wealth, till she came amongst us.

Manly. You may easily prove we had no Stockjobbing till she came amongst us.

Burgamot. You should not, Mr. *Manly*, throw out such Things to prejudice the Jury.

Swear Mr. *Moses Cappadocia*.

Manly. My Lord—by his Name he must be a Jew.

Burgamot. He is descended from a Jewish Family—but he has long since renounced Judaism, as you will see by his swearing on the New Testament.

Manly. You may swear him—and the Jury will consider the Credit he ought to receive.

Burgamot. My Lord, I may as well throw up my Brief, if the Gentlemen are suffered to take such Liberties.

Manly. My Lord, I only said that the Jury would consider what Credit he ought to receive.

Sergeant *Perfume*. Which is a sarcastic Way of telling the Jury, that he ought to receive no Credit.

Lord

Lord Chief Justice. I desire, Gentlemen, you will keep your Tempers—and let Matters go on as they ought to do.

Sergeant Perfume. Be so good, Mr. *Cappadocia*, to inform the Jury, what is the Business you usually follow.

Manly. I insist, Mr. Sergeant, that he shall not answer that Question.

Sergeant Perfume. Not answer it! Mr. *Manly*.

Manly. No, Sir.

Sergeant Perfume. What is your Objection to it?

Manly. My Objection, Mr. Sergeant, is—that he cannot answer any Question till he is a legal Witness—and that he cannot be till he is sworn.

Sergeant Perfume. I really thought he had been sworn.

[Mr. *Cappadocia* sworn.]

Now, Sir, you will be pleased to inform the Court and the Jury, what is the Business you usually follow.

Witness. I am a Merchant, and have dealt as largely for fifty Years past, in all the Markets of *Europe*, as, I believe, any Man in his M—s, Dominions.

Sergeant Perfume. Do you think the Trade of this Kingdom much increased of late Years?

Witness. Greatly—which I intirely attribute to the worthy Lady at the Bar.—She it is, that, by an unwearied Zeal for the Welfare of this Nation, hath brought all the Arts to Perfection—We knew not what Elegance and true Taste were, till she came amongst us—'Tis to her we are obliged for the highest Satisfactions of Life—Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, and Music, were scarce known to us, till she gave them Encouragement—I have myself imported many thousands of curious Pictures and Statues from *Rome*, *Florence*, and other Cities of *Italy*—and hope, from that great Repository *Herculaneum*, to be able soon, under the Protection of that Lady, to enrich the Collections of all the Nobility and Gentry of this Kingdom, who have a Taste for Vertù—In short, I will take upon me to say, if it was not for that Lady's Goodness to us, the public Customs and Duties must dwindle into nothing, and then Government could not be supported.

Sergeant Perfume. What do you think, Mr. Attorney, of this Witness?—This comes home to the Point.

Attorney General. Have you done with him, Mr. Sergeant?

Sergeant Perfume. Yes, you may now examine him, if you think proper.

Cross-Examination.

Attorney General. Mr. Cappadocia, you say, Sir, you have dealt largely in Pictures.

Witness. Yes—that I have, to the amount, I am certain, of full four hundred thousand Pounds.

Attorney General. Now, Sir, I ask you, upon your Oath— what was the most Money you ever gave for any one Picture?

Witness. Why, Sir,— I have given twenty, thirty, forty, ay, fifty and sixty Pounds for a Picture.

Attorney General. And what was the most you ever sold a Picture for?

Witness. I have sold a Picture for two hundred, three hundred, ay, for five hundred Pounds.

Attorney General. Did you sell them for Originals?

Witness. I did,

Attorney General. And were they so?

Witness. As I did not see them painted, I cannot absolutely swear whether they were or not—but the Gentlemen who bought them, assured me, that they were Originals—and it was none of my Business to say otherwise.

Attorney General. I presume you are not unacquainted with *Exchange Alley*.

Witness. No.

Attorney General. You deal in Stocks, I apprehend, pretty largely.

Witness. Ay, I am a little concerned there, I must confess— for, I think, I am Master of about 200,000 *l.* there at present.

Attorney General. You deal likewise in Buying and Selling of Jewels, and sometimes in Hiring them out.

Witness. I do not deny it.

Attorney General. How much Money did you ever get from any one Lady, for the Hire of a Parcel of Jewels to ornament her only for one Night?

Witness. Six hundred Pounds.

Attorney General. Were there no Counterfeits amongst them?

Sergeant Perfume. Don't answer that Question.

Lord Chief Justice. He is not obliged to answer it.

Attorney General. Do the Persons that you call Men of Vertù, and who will give five hundred Pounds for a Picture, a

broken Statue, or what you sell for a right Antique, pay their Trades-people—their Butchers—their Bakers—their Brewers, &c. as well as other People?

Witness. I am inclined to think not.

Attorney General. Do you believe one Man in five hundred, who sets up for Vertù, knows any thing of the Matter?

Witness. I am apt to believe not much.

Attorney General. Are there not an infinite Number of honest Trades-people ruined, they and their Families, by the Non-payment of these Men of Vertù.

Witness. There can be no Doubt of it.

Attorney General. Are there not many Trades-people ruined, by setting up for Vertù themselves?

Witness. I believe there may.

Attorney General. Do you believe that a few good Pictures falling into the Hands of our Nobility and Gentry, who lock them up, and will not suffer any Copies of them to be taken, contributes much to the Increase of real Vertù amongst us?

Witness. I really believe not a great deal.

Attorney General. Do you think a few good Pictures in a public School, always ready for the Perusal, Study, and Imitation of the Youth of the Nation, would not contribute more to the Increase of good Painters amongst us, than ten thousand private Collections, even of the best Paintings to be found in *Europe*?

Witness. There is great Reason to imagine so.

Attorney General. I shall ask you no more Questions.

Manly. Hold, Mr. *Cappadocia*, I must beg Leave to trouble you with one or two Questions—You seem to understand Trade—I ask you, Sir, upon your Oath, whether the Countries we trade with, take any thing from us, but either the Necessaries of Life, or some Materials which they can work up at a great Advantage?

Witness. I believe none, except *Ireland*, and our own Plantations.

Manly. Then I ask you, Sir—whether we take much from other Countries, except what we could very well do without—and if the Prisoner at the Bar is not the Cause of it?

Witness. I there differ with you widely—for, I think no private Man, nor no Nation, can pay too dear for any thing that gives them Pleasure.

Manly.

Manly. Mr. *Cappadocia*, I am your most humble Servant—I have done with you.—This half Jew would establish a fine System of Ethics and Politics for this Nation!

Sergeant Perfume. Mr. *Manly*, if you don't forbear, I will throw up my Brief.

Manly. I shall be very glad of it, Mr. Sergeant—Ha! ha! ha!

Burgamot. My Lord, we shall now examine several noble Persons with Regard to the many personal Virtues of the Prisoner.

Lord *Sixieme*, at the Head of the whole Club of *W——s*, appears, and is sworn with the rest of the Members.

Sergeant Perfume. Be pleased, my Lord, to inform the Court and the Jury, if you have any Knowledge of the Prisoner at the Bar.

Lord *Sixieme.* We all know her perfectly, and for her many Virtues hold her in the highest Veneration—She it was that first instituted the Club at *W——s*—She it was that taught us how to eat—how to drink—how to sleep—and how to dress—and, in short, how to enjoy this Life in Perfection—She it is that brings all the Dainties of the Earth to regale our Palates—All the choicest Wines to exhilarate our Spirits—All the finest Silks and Cloaths to decorate our Bodies—Without her we had not known the Callipash or Callipee—the easy Couch or downy Bed. All was a Chaos—all in wild Disorder—till she adjusted Things, and dissipated the horrid Confusion.

Sergeant Perfume. Your Lordship most certainly gives a true Character of the Lady—She is all Softness, all Tenderness—all Love and Affection to the human Species.

Lord *Chief Justice.* Has my Lord *Sixieme* any thing further to add?

Witness. Nothing, my Lord—except that our Club are determined, to a Man, to accompany her to the remotest Part of the Earth—and never to quit her while we have Breath in our Bodies—For, without her, Life would be a Burthen—a Scene of Sorrow and Anxiety!

Sergeant Perfume. We shall trouble your Lordship, and your illustrious Company, with no more Questions.

Cross-Examination.

Manly. My Lord, you will be pleased to permit me to ask you a few Questions—Pray, my Lord, how many Hours do you generally spend out of the twenty-four at your Club at *W——*'s?

Witness. About fourteen Hours.

Manly. Pray, my Lord—what are your principal Amusements there?

Witness. We play chiefly at Cards—and the Time not engaged that Way, is employed in regaling our Palates with every Thing that is delicious.

Manly. Do you play for large Sums of Money?

Witness. Not very large—perhaps to win or lose ten, twenty, or thirty thousand Pounds of a Night.

Manly. And, my Lord, do you never find the losing such Sums detrimental to your Families?

Witness. Sometimes, indeed, it is a little detrimental to our Trades-people—but so the Money circulates, you know, it answers all the Ends of public Utility.

Manly. I should think not, my Lord—for Bankruptcies amongst Trades-people, which must be often the Consequences of Disappointments from Non-payments, can never answer the Ends of Traffic—Besides, my Lord, a needy Nobility and Gentry must absolutely defeat the Intent of our Constitution, which supposes every Branch of the Legislature independent of each other—But, my Lord, while your Lordship and the rest of the honourable Persons that compose your Club, are employed in Gaming, Eating, or Sleeping, who, I pray, inspects into your domestic Oeconomy? Who sees that all is right at Home? You have Wives—you have Children—you have Servants, Stewards, and Estates, to keep in Order—you have good Men to patronize, to reward, and to cherish—you have bad Men to rebuke, and to bring to Justice—you have the Liberties of your Country to protect—you have the Betrayers of the Commonwealth—the Invaders of Right—the Spoilers of national Honour, to bring to condign Punishment—And, my Lord—you have—a God to adore!—Does the Prisoner never put you in Mind of these great Duties?—Does she never tell you, that we were not born merely for ourselves? And that where Men draw solely to themselves, and
Self

Self is at the Bottom of all our Actions, there is in Effect, from that Instant, a Dissolution of all Society?

Witness. Why, Sir! this is all fine Talking! but I will venture to assert there is not a Society upon Earth that is better governed than the Club at *W——*'s.

Manly. I dare say your Lordship thinks so—but possibly the Jury may think otherwise——

I have done, Mr. Sergeant, with this Witness.

Burgamot. Now, my Lord, we will lay before you some other Evidence relating to the Trade of the Kingdom—and the Obligations our Manufacturers have to the Lady at the Bar.

Swear Mr. *Silver-filk*.

[Sworn.

You deal, I believe, Sir, in the Mercery Way.

Witness. I do, Sir.

Burgamot. Do you perceive your Branch of Business increasing, or upon the Decline?

Witness. Greatly advanced within these few Years—and all owing to the elegant Fancy of the Prisoner at the Bar—She, Sir, is eternally contriving some new Thing in high Taste—infomuch that, what is fashionable To-day, is, by her Ingenuity, so far exceeded in a Fortnight after, that our Customers are never tired of Buying—by which Means there is a perpetual Circulation of Business.

Burgamot. Do you hear that, Mr. Attorney?

Attorney General. Yes, yes—Mr. *Burgamot*, I do hear it—and I confess he is the most material Witness you have produced as yet—though not much to the Purpose neither.

Burgamot. You may now cross-examine him, if you think proper.

Cross-Examination.

Attorney General. Mr. *Silver-filk*, as your Trade is in such a flourishing Condition, I suppose you are very rich.

Witness. Tolerably well to pass, Sir.

Attorney General. How comes it about that Statutes of Bankruptcy are so frequent against Persons of your Calling?

Witness. Why, Sir, we are often obliged to give great Credit, which may be one Reason for our not being always able to answer our Creditors.

Attorney General. And, upon your Oath, Sir, I ask you, Is not the Cause of that to be imputed to the Prisoner at the Bar?

Bar? and, would not you be richer, if People of Fashion bought less, and paid better?

Witness. Upon my Oath, Sir, I believe we should.

Attorney General. Now, Sir—I ask you, if you have not two Pair of fine chased Candlesticks, and if they did not cost you one hundred and seventy Pounds?

Witness. You seem, Sir, to have had very minute Intelligence! I own, Sir, I have—and that they cost the exact Sum you mention.

Attorney General. Pray, Sir, how is your Dining-Room furnished?

Witness. Why, Sir—with Silk Damask yellow grounded, and a Crimson Flower.

Attorney General. I suppose it was chosen by the Prisoner,

Witness. I acknowledge it was.

Attorney General. How much did the Looking-glasses in your Dining-Room cost?

Witness. The Pair came to eighty Pounds.

Attorney General. I ask you, upon your Oath, Sir—Does not your Wife make Drums?

Sergeant *Perfume.* My Lord, I beg Leave to insist upon it, that that is an improper Question.

Lord Chief Justice. I think, Mr. Attorney, you had better wave that Question.

Attorney General. My Lord, I will not insist upon it.—Now, Sir, I ask you how many Servants do you keep in Livery?

Witness. Three.

Attorney General. Were you not urged by the Prisoner to keep so many?

Witness. I own I was.

Attorney General. I have done with this Witness—And the Gentlemen of the Jury will certainly observe, that Trade cannot fail of flourishing under such a Patroness as the Prisoner at the Bar.

Burgamot. Swear Jacob Sanspareil.

[Sworn.

What is your Occupation, Sir?

Witness. I keep de Shop of all de choice Essence of de World—and my good Lady ALLUREA she recommend all de Noblesse—all de Gentry—and all de polite Nation to me.—I bring all de Perfume—all de fine Essence, from Bengal, from America—from Turkey—from Egypt—and all de

de Worl'd over—My Perfume cure all Disorder—de Vapour—de Mèlancholy—de Deafness—and every Ting else.—I sell beside all de fine Snuff; de Cordial—de Rouge—and other Tings for Ladies and Gentlemen—I pay much Duty for all my Raritie that come over.

Burgamot. Mark that—Gentlemen of the Jury.

Cross-Examination.

Manly. Where were you born, Sir?

Witness. I was born in *Lisbon*.

Manly. What Religion are you of?

Witness. I was *Jew*—I am now *Christian*.

Manly. Pray, Sir, how much Money do you turn in a Year by your Commodities?

Witness. Sometime five thousand—sometime four thousand—sometime not quite so much.

Manly. Do the Trades-people buy much from you?

Witness. Vere much—deir Ladies—deir Daughters, de understand de Politesse—de are my good Customer—And my good Lady de Prisoner, she recommend vne Nobelman to my Shop, who is my best Friend.

Manly. Who may that be?

Witness. My Lord *Fribbel*—

Manly. Every one knows that my Lord *Fribble* is a remarkable good Commonwealth's-man.—He is the Nobleman that would not suffer a Cock to be kept within a Mile of his House, for fear of disturbing his Repose.

Burgamot. We will now call several Ladies of the highest Rank and Quality, to give a Character of the Prisoner—

Swear the Dutcheſs of *St. Prendre*—the Marchioness de *Brag*—and the Countess *Demoivre*—

[Sworn.]

Madam, does your Grace know the Lady ALLUREA LUXURY?

Dutcheſs. Perfectly well—I have known her, in a manner, since I was born. I was nursed and bred up by her. I owe every Thing to her Care and Tenderneſs.

Burgamot. Do you think she is capable of doing a bad Thing?

Dutcheſs. Heavens! she do a bad Thing! Impossible—Her whole Life is employed in promoting the Benefit of Mankind.

Burgamot.

Burgamot. You will be pleased, Gentlemen of the Jury, to be particularly attentive to my Lady Dutchess's Testimony.

Manly. O! by all Means, Mr. *Burgamot.*

The two other Ladies of Quality gave pretty much the same Testimony.

Cross-Examination.

Manly. Your Grace was pleased to say, that the Prisoner had not only the Nursing of you, but likewise the Care of your Education.

Dutchess. Yes, Sir—my good Mother, the Dutchess of *Bed-ridden*, gave all her Children up to the Care of Lady ALLUREA; and she faithfully discharged the Trust that was reposed in her.

Manly. Your Brother, my Lord Duke, has, I believe, been some time dead.

Dutchess. Yes—he died of a Consumption at sixteen, but it was not for Want of Care—for Lady ALLUREA was so tender of him, that she never let him stir out of her own Sight.

Manly. Doubtless, Madam, her Good-nature is much to be commended!

Sergeant *Perfume.* Leave your Jibing, Mr. *Manly.*

Manly. Pray, Mr. Sergeant, sit down—I did not break in upon you, nor will I be broke in upon—

Pray, Madam, does your Grace ever play at Cards?

Dutchess. Yes, Sir--- every Night of my Life.

Manly. Did you learn to play late?

Dutchess. I hope, Sir, you do not mean to affront me--- I would have you to know, Sir, I do every Thing becoming a Person of my Rank.

Manly. I assure your Grace, I had no Intention of throwing the least Imputation on your Ladyship's Capacity--- but your Grace will permit me to ask---What Hour does your Ladyship generally go to Bed at?

Dutchess. Seldom before Eight in the Morning, and I generally rise about Six in the Evening--- People of Quality are not tied up to the Hours of inferior People.

Manly. No, by no Means, Madam--it is not fit they should --- But the Misfortune of it is--- that inferior People will be often impertinent enough to follow the Example of their Betters.

Dutchess.

Dutchess. That is their Fault--- not our's.

Manly. I fear some Part of the Blame must fall to the Share of the Prisoner. But, pray, Madam, does your Grace never find your Health impaired by these late Hours?

Sergeant Perfume. You see my Lady Dutchess is in perfect Health, which is a Proof that this Generation is stronger, and more equal to Fatigues than the last.

Manly. Mr. Sergeant, I call upon my Lord Chief Justice to make you sit down—Sure! Sir—you cannot imagine that the Council for the C——n will submit to such Treatment.

Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Sergeant *Perfume*, I will not suffer the K——'s Council to be interrupted—Mr. *Manly* was in his Cross-Examination; and certainly, Sir—when he asks the Witness a Question—the Witness, and not you, is to make an Answer to it.

Sergeant Perfume. My Lord, I ask your Lordship's Pardon.

Manly. Madam, I asked your Grace, whether your Health was not impaired by the late Hours you generally keep?

Sergeant Perfume. My Lord, I object to that Question--no Person is obliged either to depreciate, or to criminate himself.

Manly. I know very well that the Law does not oblige any Person to answer a Question that may expose him to a criminal Prosecution—But as to what Mr. Sergeant mentions, of depreciating himself---the Phrase is of his own Coining, and not to be found in any Law-Book whatsoever.

Sergeant Perfume. My Lord--- my Lord--- if the Gentleman has not read, he should not throw out Reflections on those who have.

Lord Chief Justice. I confess, Mr. Sergeant, the Doctrine is new to me--- I never heard of such an Objection before.

Sergeant Perfume. My Lord, I am very unfortunate that your Lordship does not remember it. But there are a hundred Authors that mention the Word---Depreciate.

Manly. I believe there may--- but not as an Objection to a Witness's answering a Question.

Lord Chief Justice. Madam, your Grace must answer the Question.

Dutchess. My Lord, I do acknowledge that sometimes I am somewhat indolent after Sitting up, and find a little Palpitation at my Heart, and a Relaxation of my Nerves---But my two good Friends here present, my Lady Marchioness

de Brag and *Lady Demoivre*, are my best Physicians--- for they bring a Party to my Bed-side, and I am cured in a Moment.

Manly. And, pray, my *Lady Dutcheffs*, does not the Prisoner always make one of the Party?

Dutcheffs. O! always--- we could not do without her.

Manly. How many idle Servants does your Grace keep in your Family?--- I mean, Servants that are kept for Parade and not for Use?

Dutcheffs. Let me see--- Ha! ha! ha!--- I verily believe about five and thirty.

Manly. Madam, I shall trouble your Grace with no further Questions.

Dutcheffs. I am glad of it--- for I am sick of your Questions--- My dear *Lady ALLUREA*, you have my Prayers.

Lady Marchionefs. And mine most fervently.

Lady Demoivre. And mine, from the Bottom of my Soul.

Then the whole College of Physicians, with their President, were sworn.

They all deposed that the Prisoner was a Lady of the most extensive Humanity--- and that she shewed the greatest Tenderness to many of their Patients, whom she constantly took Care of, and, in a manner, wholly nurse-tended, when they were indisposed.

Cross-Examination.

Manly. Pray, Doctor, permit me to ask you a few Questions.

[to the President.

President. You may, Sir, as many as you please.

Manly. You say, I think, that the Prisoner attends many of your Patients--- Now, Doctor, I ask you upon your Oath, whether the Persons, for whose Health she seems so mighty sollicitous, are not People who live, in a manner, out of Nature--- and whose whole Time is spent in a constant Deviation from every Principle of Reason?

President. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot answer that Question.

Sergeant

Sergeant *Perfume*. Fie! fie! Mr. *Manly*!---Surely! surely! you should not ask such a Question.

Manly. My Lord, I apprehend the Question is a proper one.

Sergeant *Perfume*. My Lord--- for a Man for to come--- for to go--- for to ask such a Question, I believe was never done before, and I hope, will never be done again.

Manly. I do not require an Answer from the Doctor that can throw an Imputation upon any Person in particular--- and therefore the Question, with great Submission, my Lord, ought to be answered.

Lord Chief Justice. I think it ought.

President. Then, my Lord, I will answer it--- and I do own, that according to the Rules of Nature and Reason, none of those Persons live--- However, thus much I must add, that those Rules seem now to be pretty universally exploded amongst our Nobility and Gentry--- And if it was not so--- there would be little Occasion for a College of Physicians.

Manly. The Doctor has given a very candid Answer to the Question; and therefore I shall trouble him no further.

Burgamot. My Lord, we have now gone through our Evidence.

Lord Chief Justice. If the Prisoner, or you, Gentlemen, who are of Council for her, think it necessary to make any Observations to the Jury, I believe the K---'s Council will not oppose it.

Attorney General. I do not, my Lord.

Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Sergeant *Perfume*, if you chuse to speak, I will now hear you.

Sergeant *Perfume*. Mr. *Burgamot*, I am so hoarse--- Hem! hem! that I cannot speak--- I pray you go on--- I have a terrible Cold!--- Hem! hem!

Burgamot. Since the Sergeant is so much indisposed, I will, with your Lordship's Permission, trespass for a few Minutes on your Patience.

Lord Chief Justice. Go on, Sir, I am ready to hear you.

Mr. BURGAMOT's Speech for the Prisoner.

Burgamot. May it please your Lordship, and you Gentlemen of the Jury---

When I consider the Number of Witnesses that have been examined, both for and against the amiable--- the charming

charming—the inimitably beautiful Lady at the Bar, it would be highly unbecoming in me, to take up much more of your Time—especially as the Gentlemen of the Jury are all Persons of the most superlative good Understandings, and Knowledge, in the true Interest of the Kingdom,

Surely—was I Master of the greatest Eloquence, it would be absurd—it would be ridiculous--- it would be the Height of Folly, to make Use of it upon the present Occasion—For I can never think the Cause of Beauty—of Virtue—of Humanity—can ever want the Aid of Oratory for its Defence, before a *British* Jury.

You have heard the Evidence on both Sides—and you cannot, I am certain, after what you have heard, want to be informed—that the Lady at the Bar is the Patroness of Trade—the Improver of all the useful Arts—the Polisher of our Manners, and the Refiner of human Nature—

Such she appears to be, notwithstanding the vain Attempts to prove her otherwise---

The Fate of Nations, I may say, depends on the Question now before you—All that is dear—all that is, or can be valuable to us, or our Posterities, depend on the Verdict you shall give—And if the great Law of Self-Preservation is not absolutely rooted out of your Hearts, you cannot hesitate an Instant on the Part you are to act---

Therefore, Gentlemen, you will consider what the true Question is--- and if it can be any other than this, Whether the Lady ALLUREA LUXURY is not the Support of all valuable Society---or, rather, whether any Society can be rich and flourishing without her immediate Influence and Assistance?

Gentlemen, I do not think it necessary to go into any minute Observations on the Evidence you have heard. Truths that are in a Manner self-evident, and that strike the Understanding with a Kind of intuitive Knowledge, need not any Elucidation from Argument---It would be treating your Judgments with Mockery, to attempt by Proofs, to convince you, that Two and Two make Four——It would, in like manner, be no less a Contempt to your Understandings, to tell you, that the Lady ALLUREA's daily Improvements, as well as Discoveries, in all the great *Arcana* of Nature, are what give Spirits to all manner of Commerce—That she finds Markets for all Sorts of Manufactures—encourages the Arts, and every Branch of ingenious Science—and maintains the Poor and Industrious of every Nation that
she

she takes under her Protection—Is not Money the Blood, the Life of every State? I will not presume to tell you, what you do all know, that she it is, the amiable benevolent Lady at the Bar, that makes this Life—this Blood flow into every Vein of the Body Politic, so as to preserve all the Members in a due State of Salubrity—She takes from the Rich only to give to the Poor—without her Care of us—Idleness and Want of Exercise must infallibly soon bring on all the Symptoms of Mortality—The Poor must die of Consumptions—the Rich of Plethoras—and Government be defenceless, for want of proper Revenues for its Support.

The certain Consequence of Commerce is Wealth—and Wealth as naturally draws Vice after it, as the Magnet, the Needle—This may be laid down as a political Truth, which the Experience of all Nations most fully evidences—therefore if you will banish Vice, you must, at the same time, resolve to banish Trade, and Commerce, and Wealth, from amongst us—there is no Medium in the Case.

Besides—it is surely well worth the coolest Reflection of all who sincerely wish the Peace of Society—Whether, if Men of great Riches had not Ways of dissipating their Wealth, they would not (from the Instability of human Nature) grow factious, uneasy, and not to be controlled by any Laws or any Government—Whoever thinks a Moment, cannot possibly have the smallest Scruple relating to it. Frugality, Parsimony—an exact Oeconomy in our Affairs—and an over-nice Morality in our Conduct, are the narrowest and meanest Qualities in the Human Mind—they may do in little petty States—in a *St. Marina* Commonwealth—but they are not calculated for the Meridians of great and flourishing Empires.

But I ask Pardon for having taken up so much of your Time—and I ought, in a particular Manner, to apologize to the injured Lady at the Bar, for having delayed a Moment the Justice you will certainly do her—by dismissing her with this honourable Testimony of your Love and Gratitude—That you believe her innocent of every single Charge in the Information.

Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Attorney General, do you chuse to make any Observations to the Jury?

Attorney General. Yes, my Lord.

Lord Chief Justice. Go on.

Attor. Gen. My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury—

The

The Crimes with which the Prisoner stands charged, are, indeed, no other than a Complication of all Crimes—of every Offence that can be perpetrated against human Nature!—For, whoever plots in general the Destruction of Society, must have a Heart replete with the most diabolical Malevolence against the whole Race of Man!—

Society cannot subsist without moral Virtue, which is the Foundation of every social Principle, and the Band of all human Commerce—Men were formed with unruly Passions; to remedy the Inconvenience of which, they found it necessary, for their common Safety, to enter into particular Unions—which are called Societies, or Governments, framed for the general Advantage of those who became Members, or Subjects of them—To destroy these Unions, is to throw Mankind into all the Evils attending the most inordinate and unbounded Licentiousness—The Laws of the Community, of which we are Members, are our only Security for Life—Property, Honour, Reputation, and every Thing that can be dear to reasonable Creatures—Overturn this Barrier, and Man must be the most miserable of all the Works of the Almighty.

Hence it will follow, that the worst Government that ever was framed, must be infinitely preferable to Anarchy: And of Consequence, in Proportion as Governments are well or ill formed, to promote the Security and Happiness of Mankind, the greater or lesser the Crime will be to attempt their Dissolution—

Now that the Constitution of this Country is the noblest and wisest Plan of Government that ever yet appeared (I mean while we keep up to the pure and original Principles of it, and defend it from the Canker of Corruption and Venality) I am satisfied there is no thinking Man can ever have the smallest Doubt or Hesitation.

What Kind of Appellation then, will that Person deserve, who endeavours the Destruction of the best contrived political Structure that ever was yet produced by the Art of Man!

Language is dumb!—for no Words can express the horrid Machination!—no Expressions can give an adequate Idea of the infernal Mischief!—Suppose—(but may this Days Work avert every such direful Judgment) suppose, I say, an Earthquake swallowing up this great and flourishing City—all the Inhabitants, with their Effects, lost in the general Funeral—The Picture, though indeed full—

full—— full of Terror ! is but faint—— in Comparison of the Horror and Confusion that must be the Consequence of letting loose the Passions of Mankind, of destroying the Boundaries of Right and Wrong, and setting at nought all the Ties of Religion and Morality.

I ask you then, Gentlemen of the Jury, though not a single Witness had been examined against the Prisoner at the Bar (fair, tempting, and beautiful as she appears) would not your own Experience—— your own Knowledge of the Truth of every single Charge against her, have been a sufficient Foundation for you to find her guilty ? But, Gentlemen, I shall, for your greater Satisfaction, enter more minutely into a Discussion of the Crimes laid to her Charge—— and doubt not to convince you, that these Nations must be undone—— utterly—— irrecoverably lost—— and ruined—— if she is permitted to continue any longer amongst us.

That the Strength both of Mind and Body, depends upon Exercise, not on Sloth and Laziness, is a Proposition that cannot be denied—— *Vita secundum Naturam*, according to Tully, comprehends all Virtue and Wisdom—— There is so intimate a Connexion between the Body and the Soul, that if the first be out of Order, the latter cannot perform its regular and proper Functions.—— Therefore, whatever debilitates the Body, must affect all the Operations of the Soul, and render them less perfect than they otherwise would be—— and, of course, incapacitate human Creatures from performing those social Duties, upon which all their Happiness, in a manner, depends—— If then the Prisoner at the Bar hath made Use of every Artifice—— every the most subtle Device and Method to unnerve the human Frame, and, consequently, to enfeeble and destroy our mental Powers—— and with them all our Force of acting like reasonable Creatures—— and if, by these Means, neither Liberty, Trade, Justice, Truth, Friendship, nor any one moral Quality, can subsist in any tolerable Degree amongst us—— may we not pronounce her the inveterate Enemy of Mankind—— the Subverter of Society—— and the Destroyer of all our Felicity, as well here as hereafter ?

With Regard to Liberty—— Who wants to be informed, that, where public Virtue is not—— there she cannot be ?—— And where Corruption, Venality, and private Views, predominate, there public Virtue cannot subsist—— For, when the Individuals of any Society consider only themselves, without any Regard to the general Welfare, then all the
salutary

salutary Ends of Government, are, in a manner, defeated—and he, that can grasp the most Power, will never fail to do as much Mischief as he possibly can—When the Bulk of any Community become Profelytes to the Principles inculcated by the Prisoner, and suffer themselves to be enslaved by every sensual Enjoyment—by every Vice, Folly and Debauchery, they will consider nothing in comparison of their own Gratifications—All the Relations—all the Ties—and all the Connexions of Humanity, are banished from their Hearts—and there is no Baseness they will stick at, to continue to themselves the Fruition of their voluptuous and wicked Caprices—From hence will follow—Necessity—Venality—Dependence—and the Loss of Liberty—Every Day, I might have said, almost every Hour, affords us numberless Instances of the Justice of this Deduction—What is it makes so many mercenary T—s amongst us?—and those even of Persons of the greatest Rank!—Nothing but their Attachment to the Prisoner at the Bar—their Gaming—Folly, and Immorality! and their Debaucheries and Sensualities of every Denomination!

Rome fell by the Devices of the Prisoner—so did *Greece*—and so must every free State where she is suffered to take up her Residence—She can assume all Shapes—and, by her Blandishments, soften and effeminate the bravest, roughest, and honestest of Mankind—even the *British* Sailors! Our A—y, our F—s, our C—y, and almost every Order of People amongst us, even to the meanest of our Mechanics, are seduced by her Malice, and rendered incapable of performing their several Tasks in the great Hive of Society—Riches, or the Means of indulging our sensual Appetites, are now not only the Test of all true Merit, but likewise the only Object of our Applause and Respect—The Love of voluptuous Enjoyments begets a Love of Money to supply their Calls—and this makes Men go into the most unjust Methods to obtain it—which destroys all the natural Affections, and dissolves all the Bands of Blood and Affinity, that formerly united Families, and which are now almost exterminated from the Hearts of these Nations, so famous in antient Days, for Friendship, Justice, public Spirit, Charity, Hospitality, and a universal Benevolence for their Fellow-Creatures—Can any one doubt of what I say, when he sees all Mens Hats off to the rich Rogue? When he sees the Velvet-coated Empiric flying in his Chariot to the wealthy Villain, but, will not budge a Step to assist honest Poverty?

verty? Look at the rapacious Lawyer, how he avoids the Pauper's Cause, but stuns the Court with his mercenary Vociferation, whenever he is called to support the Fraud of an opulent Usurer!—View the treacherous Guardian, how he is caressed, if he has but transferred the Estate of his Ward into his own Family! All is now fair—all is now honourable—that enables us to support a System of Wantonness and Prodigality! What Spells! what Magick then, must the Prisoner have made Use of, to make B——s lay aside their Honour, their Truth, and their public Spirit! to truck their Consciences for a ——e or a ——n? To glory in their Guilt—and to sacrifice the Welfare of Millions to their own mean and sordid Passions?

Thus it is—that the Prisoner at the Bar, under the fairest Face, perpetrates the blackest Deeds—exterminates all the useful and tenderest Affections of the Soul—and even drives from the Hearts of Parents that Concern for their Progeny which the Laws of Nature so strongly dictate—'Tis to her we are indebted for all the villainous Combinations to be met with amongst us—for Sharpers, Gamesters, Highwaymen, Murderers, Stockjobbers, disorderly wicked Servants—cruel Fathers, undutiful Children, bad Wives—Pimps, Pathics, and false Patriots—who are supported, cherished, and set on by this Enemy of human Nature. Without Virtue, as I said before, Liberty cannot subsist; and, without expelling the Prisoner from all Intercourse with these Countries, there can be no Virtue.

Indeed, a most bold and extraordinary Position has been thrown out by one of the Lady's learned Council—That Parsimony, an exact Oeconomy in our Affairs, and an over-nice Morality in our Conduct, are the meanest Qualities in the human Mind—that they may possibly do in little petty States, but are not calculated for the Meridians of great and flourishing Empires.

This Proposition, which seems to comprehend the whole System of this Lady's Ethics, and which, doubtless, the Gentleman must have picked up in the School; where she presides as Mistress, I believe you will think has already received a sufficient Answer.

First, because it is absolutely subversive of all Society, and in a more especial Manner of our's—as Virtue is the Basis of all true Liberty—or, to speak more fully—is indeed Liberty itself. However, as the Gentleman's Argu-

ment goes somewhat further, with Regard to the Necessity of rich Mens squandering away their Money (which he justly calls the Blood of the Body Politic) in order to promote Trade, and feed the Poor, by the Vices and Whims of the Wealthy, as well as to promote the Peace of the Public, by preventing the Factions of the Rich—I shall now consider how far Trade depends on Vice and Debauchery—and next, whether the Necessitous are not more likely to run into Faction, and to endanger the Peace of Society than Men in easy and affluent Circumstances.

It is a fundamental Maxim, as you all know in Commerce, that the People who can work cheapest, will certainly be able to sell cheapest—For if the Manufacturer either buys the Necessaries of Life dear, or else, by bad and vicious Habits, cannot live without Superfluities; then he must sell dearer than those, who can either buy the Necessaries of Life cheap, or those who can subsist themselves and Families in a plain and simple Manner—Now in our Country, as, by high Taxes, the Necessaries of Life are certainly higher than in most other Nations, if we add to them, a vicious, dissolute Expence in our Manufacturers and Tradespeople, the Produce of their Labour must certainly go to Market much dearer than the Manufactures of other Nations, and, of consequence, Foreigners must have the Preference given to them—From hence it will follow, that it is more incumbent upon us to banish Vice, Debauchery, and superfluous Expence, from our People, than on any other Nation under the Sun—and that for this plain Reason—Because we have nothing else left for it to prevent our Manufactures from falling absolutely into Decay—And, as the Wealth of the Landed Man (however the Prisoner may have endeavoured to raise up a Distinction between a Landed and a Trading Interest, which ever were, and ever must, continue the same) depends on our Markets abroad—If they fail, his Rents cannot be paid—and if they are not paid, he will have no Money to dissipate and throw away in indulging his Vanities and Folly—And then, indeed, the Body Politic will have no Blood in it, and the whole will be a lifeless Trunk, void of all Motion and Activity.

Besides, with Regard to our People of Distinction, it may not be improper to observe, that their Profuseness is chiefly on the Delicacies of Foreign Countries—whereas the Materials of *French* Prodigality, are, in a great Measure,

sure, the Produce of their own Climate— From whence it will follow, that, as the Materials of our Wantonness are exotic, they can be attended with nothing but Ruin and Beggary— It must likewise be remembered, that, in *France*, they have no Liberty to lose—and, of consequence, they cannot be deprived, by Extravagance and dissolute Manners, of what they do not enjoy,— which, thank God, is not as yet our Case.

The next Point to be considered, is— How far it tends to the Peace of the Public, by giving Men of great Opulence Opportunities of throwing away their Fortunes in Vice and Folly.

And, as far as History, or modern Experience, can clear up this Point, I believe I need appeal no farther than to your own Observation and Reading. Men, who have run out their Fortunes in Riot and Excess—and who, by being accustomed to a dissolute Course of Life, cannot bear not to have the Means of still pursuing their debauched Habits, are surely the Men most likely to engage in any desperate Enterprize—to rob, cheat, murder, or even to attempt the Destruction of Governments—Whereas the Rich, who have a great deal to lose, and cannot mend their Condition, by any Change or Revolution, will not throw themselves into that Hazard of Ruin, which every Plot against Government, is, and ever must be attended with— But, certainly, though the contrary Position were evident, better a State should be sometimes in Peril of a Convulsion, than to owe its Security to Sloth and Laziness, and the Destruction of Liberty, Trade, and every moral Virtue.

But, Gentlemen, we will examine whether Means— honourable, virtuous, noble Means, may not be found out— may not be made fashionable, for Men of the greatest Rank and Affluence, to employ their Opulence upon.

I ask then— If there are not the imitative Arts to be encouraged—and public Schools to be erected, furnished, and endowed for that Purpose? Fine Gardens to be made— Houses to be built— Lands to be reclaimed— Rivers to be made navigable— Roads to be repaired— Manufactures to be introduced— Public Rewards for public Virtue— Monuments for Heroes dying in Defence of their Country— Munificence to Men of Genius— Bounties to needy Friends— Provisions for the Widow and the Orphan— Portions for innocent virtuous Maidens, in order to save them from becoming a Prey to Disease and Prostitution— Hospitals for

the Lame, Aged and Blind, as well as for destitute Foundling Children—And, might I not likewise add, in Case the State wanted the extraordinary Aids of private Men—the Raising of Armies, and the Building of Ships of War, for the Use of his M——y and the Nation, and to drive away *French* Slavery, whenever she dared to approach our Coasts! And to you, Gentlemen, who reverence your Creator, I may venture likewise to mention without the Danger of being treated with Ridicule, Edifices in Honour of the great and immortal Author of Nature.

These are the Directions that should be given to the Expences of our Men of Fortune, which might be easily brought about by a wise Distribution of national and public Marks of Honour and Respect to those who were most conspicuous for such benevolent Virtues—And thus an honest Pride may be kindled in the Hearts of *Britons*, that might conduce more to the Utility of the Commonweal, than all the other Passions belonging to human Nature. These glorious Works would not only employ all our Poor in virtuous Industry, but would be sufficient to regale—hourly to regale, the nicest moral Epicure with a Feast of Reason and Humanity.—But let me paint this to your Imaginations in full Contrasts—and, for that Purpose, I will suppose two Monuments erected in the venerable Abbey where our Kings are interred—informing us of the true Characters of the Persons supposed to be therein entombed—The one, a Disciple of the Prisoner at the Bar, nursed, educated, and trained up by her—the other, a Person, who never held the least Converse with her, nor would ever suffer her to approach his Habitation.

I will imagine the Inscription on the pompous Marble for the first to run thus:

Here lie interred

The Remains of the most illustrious Prince

R—— Duke of ——,

Who died of a Complication of Disorders,

On the —— of *Sept.* 1763,

In the thirty-ninth Year of his Age.

He was a Nobleman of the greatest Magnificence,
Inasmuch that, in the Space of about twelve Years,

He spent, or rather consumed,

Near a Million of Money,

In all the fashionable Vanities, Whims,

Vices, and Follies of the Age.

His

His Family was made up of Flatterers,
Sharps, Pimps, Buffoons, and Fiddlers,
With every Thing else answerable to his
Superb and Lofty Soul.

And he died, as he lived, with a
Firmness becoming the
DIGNITY OF FOOLISHNESS.

Let us now suppose the other Inscription to run in the
following Words:

Here Lies

The truly great and virtuous *H*——
Lord Marquiss of ——,
Who died on the ninth Day of *March*, 1763,
In the 80th Year of his Age.

He came to the Possession of a large
Patrimony at the Age of Twenty-five,
And may be said to have held it rather as a
Trustee for Mankind,
Than to gratify even a single inordinate
Appetite of his own.

His Table was plentiful, but plain and simple,
His Equipage becoming his Station,
His Heart candid, gentle, and full of Truth.

He never failed to serve the Virtuous,
And used his best Endeavours to
Reclaim the Vicious.

He loved Mankind,
And adored his Creator for giving him the
Means of shewing his Benevolence.
His Advice, his Hand, and his Purse,
were never withdrawn, when he had
it in his Power to do Good.

He wore nothing that was not the
MANUFACTURE OF *G——T B——N*.

And, in an Age full of Corruption,
Venality, and a Disregard to the Public,
He continued to the last

A firm, unshaken Patriot,
And a loyal, faithful Subject.

He died of old Age,
And is succeeded in Honour and Estate
By his eldest Son Lord *W*———,
Who inherits from his illustrious Sire

Every

Every Quality that can adorn Humanity.

And he is blessed with what few

Men of his Rank can boast,

A SOUND MIND in a SOUND BODY.

I will not ask you, Gentlemen—I will not affront your virtuous Natures by asking, which of these two Characters inspires your Souls with Detestation—and which with Affection—with Respect—and, I might almost have said, with Adoration.

From all that has been said, it plainly follows, that the Prisoner at the Bar is the Founder of every Villainy—the Supporter of every Folly—the Underminer of Liberty—the Destroyer of Commerce—and the Corrupter of Justice—Let no Man therefore have the Effrontery to say—That she hath taken the Poor under her Protection; feeds, clothes, and provides for them—The contrary is too evident by the yearly Increase of our Poor Rates (ever since she came among us) as well as the Decay of our Manufactures—which has multiplied our Beggars to such a Degree, that if the Prisoner is permitted to be longer a Sojourner in our Land, the whole Nation will be nothing else. Even the Blood-sucking Stock-jobber, by having no more Dupes and Fools to prey upon, must pine for Want of Sustenance—Friendship (by which I do not mean a Combination of Knaves) is totally overturned—For all now is drawn into the base and narrow Circle of SELF—And, for the same Reason, all social Ties are at an End—and the great Design of Community entirely frustrated.—If then your Liberties—your Trade—your Religion, Virtue, Peace, and Happiness, both here and hereafter, are fit Objects of the Care and Vigilance of B——s, you, Gentlemen of the Jury, who are to determine this great—this important CAUSE—which is no other than whether E——d shall be any longer a Nation, cannot, I am certain, pause a single Instant on the Verdict you are to give.

Mr. MANLY's Speech.

Mr. Manly. My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury—

As Mr. Attorney General has so fully demonstrated that nothing can save this once great and flourishing Kingdom, but the speedy bringing the Prisoner to condign Punishment, the Observations I shall beg Leave to lay before you, shall be as short as the Importance of the Subject can possibly admit of.

It

It has been clearly—indeed, irrefragably proved by the learned Gentleman who spoke before me, That Venality never fails to flow from Necessity—That Necessity arises from living beyond our Fortunes—That Dependence is the Offspring of Necessity—and Slavery the Child of Dependence—Whoever, therefore, counsels our Nobility and Gentry (for, from them, their Inferiors will catch the Infection) to live beyond their Incomes—to run headlong into every Vice and Folly—to wallow in the most unmanly Gratifications—to sell their Country—and thereby to enslave themselves and Posterities, must surely be the most avowed Enemy of these Nations—Such the Prisoner is!

She hath opened the Sluices of Corruption—and a Torrent of Wickedness hath broke in upon, and overflowed the Banks of Justice, Temperance, Religion, and Morality—And, as Cowardice always increases with Mens Debaucheries (for Pleasure and Corruption ever debase the human Heart, and render it pusillanimous) what Resource have we left, in Case of any Attack made upon us from abroad—any Invasion of our Colonies—or any Disturbance from our own Factions at home? But when *B*—, wear the Helmet of Integrity—when the Powerful and the Great (who always lead the Fashions) are trained up with the true social Pride, and that heroic Sensibility of the Welfare and Happiness of their Fellow-Creatures, which all good Men bear in their Bosoms—Then Vice will not presume to associate with Opulence—nor Prostitution with Dignity—Then Virtue will become the Mode, and true Magnanimity appear in its full Lustre—For, when a Love of our Country animates and invigorates our Bosoms, and urges us to the Combat, the unpolluted Mind then knows no Danger—Then all Men will nobly rush into the Field of Virtue, and cannot fail of proving Invincible—Then—and not till then, we may hope to see Men of genuine Honour abounding amongst us—Men, who have Views; but not for Money (which exalted Souls condemn)—nor for formidable Connexions and Interests—nor for Dominion, intolerable to *B*—, but for the Applause of good Men, which is to be earned only by illustrious Services to our Country—

But Wretches! such as we at present are! ensoftened by Pleasure, Vice and Prodigality—whose Iniquities are increased over our Heads, and our Trespases grown up unto the Heavens, vainly seek for Security in dastardly Cowardice!—

Nothing,

Nothing, therefore, but your timely Exertion in the now great and momentous Conjunction, can render you worthy of the Care of Providence—can make you respected abroad, or safe at home. Remember that you have the most upright, magnanimous, and honest Prince that ever swayed an earthly Scepter, now reigning over you—Spurn not at the Blessing—Revere the illustrious Example of your Sov—n—Suffer not the Splendor of his Annals to be sullied by your Adherence to that Necromancers at the Bar—Be again a virtuous—a wise—a courageous, and a powerful People—Punish that wicked Woman—and be for ever renowned, for what your Ancestors with so much Reason gloried in. In a Word—Be BRITONS.

Lord Chief Justice. Gentlemen of the Jury——

You have heard the Evidence offered both for and against the Prisoner—I will therefore leave you to yourselves—I can add nothing to what has been already said by the learned Gentlemen——

Therefore go together, and Heaven direct you to do that which shall be most salutary for the Nation.

The Jury having consulted a few Minutes together, brought in the Prisoner—Guilty of every Charge in the Information.

Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Attorney General, what Day do you propose to move for Judgment?

Attorney General. My Lord, To-morrow Morning.

Lord Chief Justice. Be it so—I will be here early—Let the Prisoner be brought up at Nine of the Clock To-morrow Morning—Adjourn the Court—

[Court adjourned.]

The Prisoner, on her Return from her Tryal, was rescued by a Mob of Nobility and Gentry, who now entertain and caress her, in Defiance of all Law and Justice—And, as they are all known, we hear a Proclamation will soon be issued against them—in which their Titles and Names will be particularly specified——

G O D save the K I N G.

F I N I S.

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